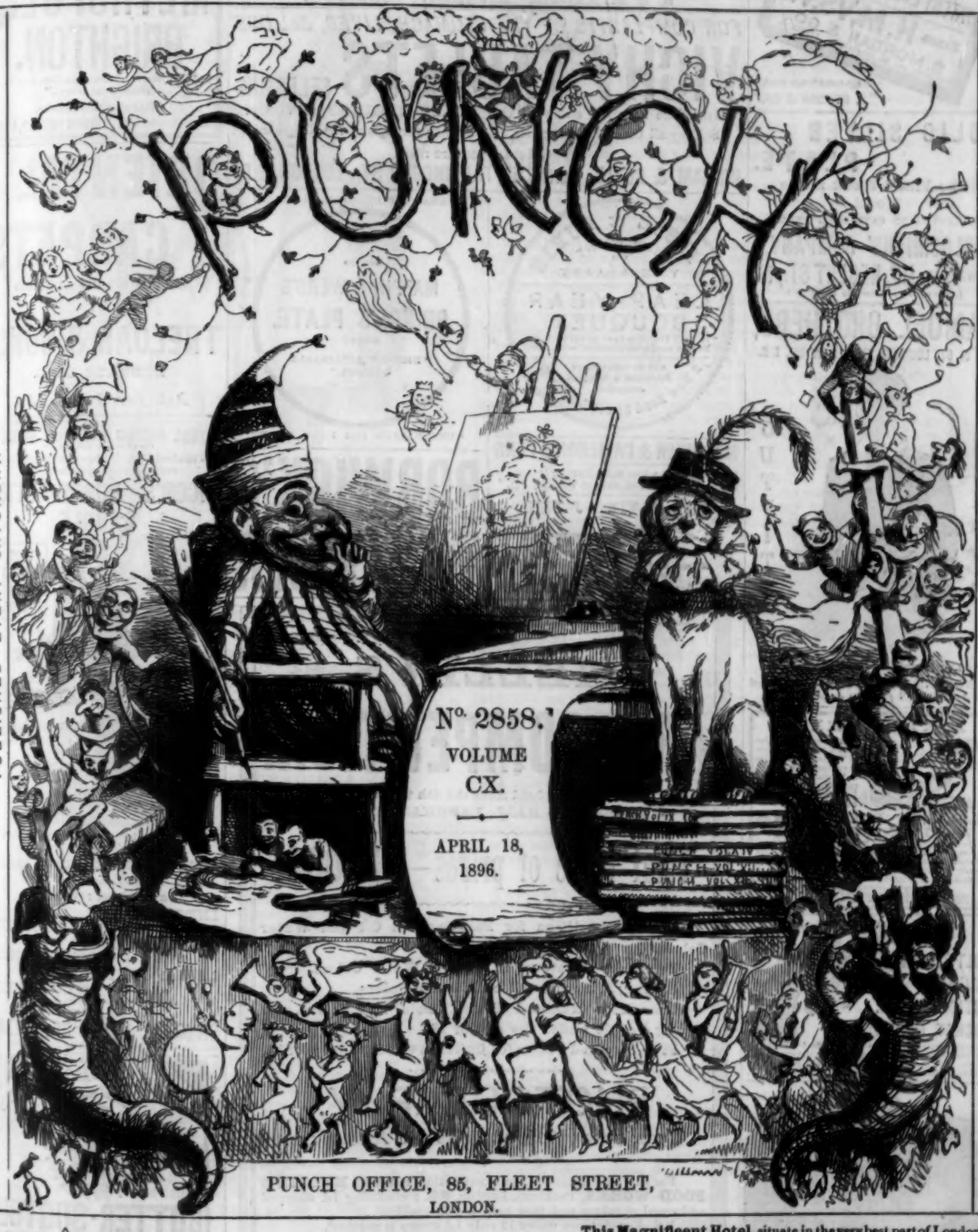
CHOCOLAT MENIER *For Breakfast*



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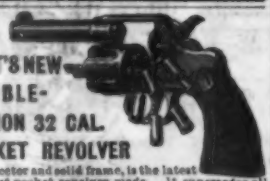

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THE GREY MARE.

"I WISH I KNEW WHAT MRS. RODNEY BLUEHOSE THINKS OF MY NEW BOOK. I HARDLY LIKE TO *ASK* HER!"

"ASK *MR.* RODNEY BLUEHOSE WHAT *HE* THINKS OF IT."

"POOH! WHO CARES WHAT MR. RODNEY BLUEHOSE THINKS ABOUT *ANYTHING!*"

"EXACTLY. AND YET, AS I HAPPEN TO KNOW THAT HE ALWAYS THINKS JUST WHAT HIS WIFE TELLS HIM TO THINK, AND PASSES IT OFF AS HIS OWN—WHY, THERE YOU ARE, DON'TCHERKNOW!"

ROUNDABOUT READINGS.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

IN the *New Review* for this month Mr. F. ANSTEY discourses pleasantly on "An Old-fashioned Children's Book," namely, *The Fairchild Family*, written by Mrs. SHERWOOD, and published so long ago as 1818. *The Fairchild Family* consists of a layer of childish scrapes and adventures sandwiched between thick slabs of pious allusions, and spotted, like a currant cake (the simile cannot offend), with texts. Never were parents so prompt as the Fairchild couple to improve the most trivial occasion, and never were children so determined in dragging in the prospect of "hell, the place which burns for ever with fire and brimstone," as a punishment for the very least deviation from the narrow path of correct behaviour.

MR. ANSTEY accounts for the popularity of *The Fairchild Family* on several grounds. He is disposed to think that a great many children have a natural sympathy with priggishness, and that to others it must have afforded unholy joy to hear of the hot water the good children were constantly getting into. Moreover, as he points out, "throughout the book various good things to eat are chronicled with much feeling," and there are plenty of funerals and death-bed scenes, both of which, as is well known, have a curious fascination for childish or uninstructed minds. These reasons may account for something, but I think Mr. ANSTEY gets nearer to the real *causa causans* of the popularity of *The Fairchild Family* when he says "there are many incidental stories, all moral, but none absolutely uninteresting, and some ingenious and pretty. And finally, the story is really well-written in its old-fashioned way, and has a sincerity and earnestness that would go far to keep many a worse book alive."

THERE you have it. Incidental stories will help to keep almost any book popular amongst children. They enjoy nothing more than being whisked suddenly off the beaten track of their story into an entirely new region peopled with fresh inhabitants. Their little excursion over, they come back with renewed zest to the old familiar region, and the accustomed faces of the main plot. And above all things, good writing, sound, clear, straightforward, and graphic, but never precious or affected, is essential, if boys or girls are really to be interested in a book. They know nothing of the rules of criticism, and probably as little of the laws of grammar and composition, but in their own unconscious way they are the soundest of critics, and an ill-written, ill-constructed book has not the remotest chance of ever being widely popular amongst children.

PRIGGISHNESS in fiction certainly doesn't disgust children. For one thing, I am inclined to think that children never quite reach that pitch of imagination by which adults convince themselves that fictitious characters are actual flesh and blood. Children look upon fiction as a sort of game, and in the main they are content that the author should set up and clothe his own characters, and make them talk and act in whatever way seems best to him, even when that way lies entirely apart from the experience of his little readers. They want to be interested, and, if the author satisfies them in that respect, they accept without a murmur eccentricities which in real life would frighten or repel them. I never read *The History of the Fairchild Family* myself, but I did at a very early age read and enjoy most thoroughly *The Swiss Family Robinson*—those immortal, outrageous, platitudinous prigs. Their priggishness did not in the least appal me; if I was conscious of it (which I doubt) I accepted it as part of the convention laid down by the author, and hurried on breathlessly to discover how these solitary Swiss sufferers by shipwreck would extricate themselves from their innumerable difficulties. And *Sandford and Merton* I read with unbounded zest, principally on account of the incidental stories with which that excellent book is encrusted. I don't think I objected much to *Mr. Barlow*. He was not in the least like my own tutor of those early days, a breezy, hearty Cambridge man, who first guided my trembling footsteps through the mazes of Latin grammar and taught me not to stumble over vulgar fractions; but if there had to be a tutor in *Sandford and Merton*, *Mr. Barlow*, I thought, did as well as anybody else for the place; and after all it was the author, and not I, who had made him. I wasn't responsible for him.

ALL attempts to teach children to be good or religious or theologically dogmatic by means of fiction are foredoomed to failure for the reasons I have stated. Fiction being a game to children, it is impossible for them to apply what they read in stories to the serious purpose of their little lives. All the purposeful goodness or religion in a story just glides off their backs: if there is a story they enjoy it, and, as a matter of fact, they don't trouble their heads for a moment with religious discussions or conversations about Heaven and the other place which may have been embroidered into it by the sanguine but deluded author. So with *Gulliver's Travels*. SWIFT's masterpiece owes its wonderful and extensive popularity as much to the interest that youngsters take in its marvels as to any delight experienced by their elders in its biting satire. Even the Big-endians are accepted as part of the convention, and no boy that I ever heard of troubles to apply the moral to politics—even if he knows what politics mean. It is a fine piece of satire in itself that the gloomy Dean's highest effort in satire should have afforded simple delight to generation after generation of young folk incapable of satire.

I HARDLY know what boys most care to read nowadays. A little fellow of ten, who is now staying with me, is deep in *The Prisoner of Zenda*, having lately finished *Huckleberry Finn*. In a day or two he intends to tackle *Battles of the Nineteenth Century*—a grand book for boys, lately published by Messrs. CASSELL. Do boys still read MARRYAT? Never can I forget the early joys of *Peter Simple* and *Midshipman Easy*, the gloomy but fascinating terrors of *The Dog-Fiend*, and the haunting mystery of *The Phantom Ship*. I read them all again, and with a fresh delight, not a year ago. BALLANTYNE, too, was a friend of my boyhood, as HENTY is a friend to the young generation of to-day, which reminds me that every work by Mr. HENTY is on the shelves of the small friend of whom I have spoken. Little boys, I think, are neither prigs nor lovers of priggishness. They like a gallant, breezy heroism, undaunted by dangers, and unscathed in the midst of the thunderbolts of war. About little girls I am not so sure. Quite early in their lives they pass through a preternaturally serious phase, when, weighted with innumerable dolls, they assume the responsibilities and the airs of motherhood, and are apt to rebuke little brothers for naughtiness. Yes, I think little girls are sometimes priglets—darling, but still undeniable, little priglets.

DEFINITION.—"The *Present* Day," *i.e.*, My Birthday.

"THE ENRAGED HOUSEHOLDER."

(Vide recent Letters in "Times" on Street Noises.)

Unwilling to give up Horses altogether, Captain Pelham effected a compromise. His first appearance in the Park created quite a sensation.

OWED TO THE MOON.

"O swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon!" said poor love-sick *Juliet*, echoing blindly the anti-lunar prejudices of poets and other lunatics. The moon is now avenged. Mr. Clements, the great weather-prophet, *does* swear by the moon. In his earlier attempts at vaticination he was thrown out, owing to "neglecting the moon." Luna took her revenge by "throwing out" his calculations. *Now* Mr. Clements has conciliated the moon by "making a study of her"; and she has done for him, what neither the sun or the planets would or could do, namely, enabled him to foretell the weather for long years ahead, "within say eight or ten per cent. of correctness." To be sure slight discrepancies and delay, "due to the overlapping of the corresponding day of the past with the predicted day," *may* occasionally occur, and upset the practical arrangements based upon moon-guided prognostications. But what of that? If Clements—and the moon—prophesy that it will be fine to-morrow (when you are going to be married) and it is *not* fine until the next day, owing simply to "surface discrepancies," you needn't blame the Barry Road seer and his familiar satellite for so slight an error as that. It *will* be fine, sooner or later, and if a weather-prophet's prophecy *is* ultimately fulfilled, why quibble about a "discrepancy" of twelve hours, or even twenty-four? What is eight—or even ten—per cent. of error in such epoch-making estimates as those of Mr. Clements and the moon?

O, swear not *at* the moon, the inconstant moon,
Who to our prophet is a blessed boon
For she, and Mr. Clements linked together,
Will tell you all about forthcoming weather.
She "monthly changes in her circled orb,"
But let the study of her ways absorb
You, as it does the seer of Barry Road,
And a new Ode to Luna will be owed.
For, like a sporting tipster, she, no doubt,
Will prove "upon the spot"—or thereabout.
Just trust to her and Mr. C. together,
And you may always hope for Clement(s) weather

Motto for Destitute Aliens.—"Give me neither poverty nor Ritchies!"

LIGHT IN EGYPTIAN DARKNESS.

(*Extracted from the Chamberlain Sphinx.*)

Our policy's dark, do you venture to say?
You cannot perceive what we mean?
Well, you must be aware that the new Röntgen ray
Is light—though it cannot be *seen!*
And so with our plan on the banks of the Nile,
Which is—let us say—*our* "*x* ray."
You just wait a bit—you will find it worth while—
The result will be clear as the day.
A tentative thing is our Soudan advance,
But *if* it should meet with defeat
(At the hands of the Reds, or the Mahdi, or France),
We can then try—a sudden retreat!

From an Old Conservative.—"I see there is a Commons Preservation Society. Why not a Lords Preservation Society? There may be one, for aught I know, but I live away in the country, and conserve myself *to* myself. Yours,

Babblebroke of Greenfields."

Quite the Appropriate Place.—It is proposed to start "A Smack Boys' Home" at Birchington. Excellent! Gratifying to the shade of "Ingoldsby." But whither shall the smack boys go for their "whackation"?

Paradoxical.

It does, indeed, seem singularly strange
That people pertinaciously prating
Against Board Schools are anxious to arrange
That all schools now should be exempt from "rating."

Remarkable Domesticity of the "Incandescent Light."—It is very steady. It never goes out.

Racing Notes.—Demi-semi quavers.

"SAME IDEA ONLY ANOTHER WAY OF PUTTING IT."

First Swell. "HOW ARE YOU TO-DAY, OLD BOY?"
Second Swell. "ONLY MIDDLING. GOT A JOLLY GOOD COLD!"
First Swell. "THAT ALL? DOOSED LUCKY, OLD FELLAH, YOU HAVEN'T GOT A WRETCHED BAD ONE!"

'ARRY ON SPRING-TIME AND SPORT.

DEAR CHARLIE,—The trees is all blobby with buds and a-bustin' out green;
Good old Easter is over and gone, and the early Spring fashions is seen.
Mother Nature, like most other females, is 'aving a bran-new rig-out,
And my winter "Immensikoff" now can with safety be put up the spout.

We ain't 'ad not no winter to speak of; no snow, and no pipes on the bust.
The Water Cos. last year *wos* flummoxed; but now they feel O.K., I trust.
With them plaguey Progressives knocked out, and the good old Conservatives in,
Beer *and* Water are both at their ease, and so likeways are Pulpit and Tin.

Oh, lor! wot a comfort it is to 'ave things right side uppards once more!
"'Oly calm," as dear DIZZY once called it. I never 'ave felt it before
Not like I do now, dear old man; but since ROSEBERY'S gang got the sack,
I 'ave been like a bee on a blossom, with 'oly calm all up my back.

Wuth living for, ain't it, old hoyster? I sits at our Union Club,—
Wich combines patriotic True-Blueness with all the delights of a pub,—
And I thinks of that Hundred and Fifty as follows dear ARTHUR and JOE,
Till wot with Spring feelings *and* Scotch, I declare I feel all of a glow.

In the Spring—as some poet remarks—young men's fancies *do* seem on the turn
To love and to general lumminess. Sentiment's slop as *I* spurn,
But somehow the lime-leaves and laylocks, laburnums and purple-topped flags,
Stirs somethink within me as means a day off and a new pair o' bags.

My boss 'as no poetry in 'im, wus luck, and my tailor's the same.
But Easter comes most *aprypo* to a chap as would keep up the game.
Bosses can't do away with Cross Bun Day—thanks be!—and a bit of a spin
From Thursday to Tuesday, is yum-yum, old man, just as Spring-time comes in.

I mounted my bike this last 'oliday. Tell you, dear boy, I'm a dab
At the Safety by this time. It's proper! A toff as can tool 'is own cab,
Or a gent on 'is 'ack ain't no freer nor more hindependent than me
When I fling my leg over the saddle and treadle away tords the sea.

The bike, mate, like cigarette-smoking, is levelling class, ah! and sex,
When Princesses pedal, and Hempresses whiff, there are prigs it may vex;
But biking and bacca, like love, are permiskus, and don't dror no line;
And the Duchess FUMFUDGE on 'er wheel ain't no 'appier than me upon mine.

I know lots o' littery parties now freeze on to cycling like fun.
A Society star, as I've met on the Healing Road, out for a run—
Mister SAMUEL BONE is 'is name I 'ave 'eard, though I don't *know* the gent—
On 'is wheel, with 'is boy at 'is back, is a picture of crimson content.

I once used to meet 'im on 'orseback, *a lar Johnny Gilpin*, you know,
All elbers and knees; but, Jimimer! e's give that the chuck long ago,
And now bikes, a reglar fair buster. 'E *is* "a dead open and shut,"
As the Yankees remark; and I envy 'is style, and 'is pace, and 'is cut.

With 'is 'appy fat smile, and fine calves, and 'is changes of rippin' rig-out,—
As *my* pocket won't run to, dear boy,—'e's as jolly as jam, I've no doubt.
If there 's one man in London I envy it 's 'im I am free for to own;
And I'm told 'e 's a genius, too; so 'ere 's bully for Mister SAM BONE!

When swell parties like 'im and 'is pals take up biking all galliant and free,
Can you wonder the game 'as its charms for a bit o' good metal like Me?
I am thinking of writing a book called, *A Bhoy on a Bike*. Once afloat—
I am told by a printer I know—it will run like *Three Men in a Boat*.

Ah! more so, I shouldn't arf wonder, for *everyone* bikes in these days,
And it 's only old fogies and frumps cock their nose at the sport as "a craze."
A craze, my dear boy, is a popular game you ain't in, or don't like;
And it 's that 's wy old crocks and fat dowdies are dreadfully down on the bike.

Don't they wish they *wos* in it, my pippin, old boys with no bellows or shanks,
And mouldy old mivvies too hugly for knickers and pretty-girl pranks?

I'd a race on the road t'other day with a pooty young thing in serge blue,
And if I was not licked, precisely, I 'ad to do all as *I* knew.

It was bellows to mend with the pair on us when we pulled up at a pub.
Sez I, "Hatty Lanter ain't in it with *you*, Miss!" (The name of 'er club
Called after a great Greek girl runner, I'm told.) "Ah, Milanion," sez she,
"If I 'adn't been munching some happles at lunch—well, next time we shall see!"

Wy she called me that name I've no notion. But if *Mrs. Grundy* 'ad seen
Us downing that 'ill neck and neck, the old trot would 'a' simply turned green.
Not womanly? No, but it 's girlish, and bully for girlhood, say I.
They are doing some sports out in Greece, I am told. Will Greek girls 'ave a shy?

Wy not? If you 've been to Olympia, and seen the she-cyclists at work,—
The Graces, and Gambleys, and Paillardes,—Great Scott! you must be a old Turk
To turn on the vinegar-cruet. In spite of all Partington squeals,
And Grundyish grumbles, the world must make way for the Woman on Wheels!

So among "Spring's Delights" now with me, mate, my Safety is one o' the fust.
I am teaching my best girl to pedal. She 'll turn out a scorcher, I trust;
And when she 's *ho fay* I shall bring 'er to see you. My tandem will carry—
Though *she* ain't no light weight—my Kitty, and yours tolloibobbishly,

Abby.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Up till now I thought that the patent for writing genuinely stirring romance, such as the gallant Knight of the Brush, Sir John Gilbert, would love to illustrate, had been acquired by Messrs. "Q," Haggard, Hall Caine, Anthony Hope, Frank Barrett & Co., Limited, but now I find an opposition firm started by A. E. W. Mason, whose *Courtship of Morrice Buckler*, published by Macmillan & Co., is a most fascinating story of this class. Not only is it full of plot and counterplot, not only is its hero as original as any recently invented hero can possibly be, but there is a closely woven thread of details, every one of which is absolutely essential to the artistic design. So in the construction, though there be clouds of dust raised, yet is there no one figure in the *tourbillon* that does not fill its place of set purpose; and in the dialogue, no scrap of conversation without its definite object, nor, in the action, is there a single movement without its proper destination. The motive of the hero is, in one sense, of the noblest kind, insomuch that it represents the spectacle of the highest form of manly devotion, namely, risking life for the purpose of revenging the death of a friend, and so punishing one who had been to all intents and purposes a cowardly assassin. There is one circumstance, an initial one, which, had the author taken advantage of his own ingenuity, would have intensified the interest throughout in a most remarkable manner. This will remain the Baron's secret, which, as title (*The Baron's Secret*, is it not a good one?), the present scribe doth "herewith," and "hereby," with all the "nevertheless," "notwithstandings," and "all-to-the-contraries" possible, register and appropriate to his own particular use. It is an omission which goes near to spoiling the character of the brave but ill-fated *Julian*, who appears for a brief span on this stage and then is heard no more. Yet on *Julian's* last moments depends the whole sequence of events. Perhaps the curiosity of my readers will be aroused by this inuendo. Be this as it may, if this my hint will increase the number of readers, they will, unless gratitude be extinct, thank me for my strong recommendation as to the excellent entertainment provided for them in *The Courtship of Morrice Buckler*.

If H. G. Wells, whilst writing *The Island of Dr. Moreau*, had only preserved the courage of his original idea, he might have produced a romance out-Haggarding Haggard, and relegating *Zanoni* and the "Vril" people to keep company with *Lemuel Gulliver*, *Ferdinand Count Fathom*, and Co., in the shades of the Almost Forgotten Ones. But after going through two-thirds of his uncanny tale, the author, apparently satisfied so far with his undoubted success in producing such grotesque and fantastic effects as could be only attributed to a training course of heavy suppers and a superficial study of anatomical subjects, resulting in dream-fits of violent indigestion, became frightened by his own monsters, and thought his best course would be to announce to his readers that he had "only been purtendin' all along," and that these awful creatures of his imagination were in reality only intended to represent the stupidity, selfishness, sensuality, and all the lower qualities of animal man; and that, in fact, the whole story, from beginning to end, was a parable, and not the true record supposed to have been made by the uncle of *Charles Edward Prendrick*, and subsequently published, for the benefit of society and science, by his enterprising nephew. When the author himself shows you "how it 's done," there is an end of the mystery, the interest in the tale is dead, and the author in giving himself away causes the reader to regret ever having taken him at his own valuation.

The Baron.

Small Voice from under the Bed. "*No*, I will *not* come out! I tell you, once and for all, Berensia, I *will* be Master in my own House!"

A DECLARATION INDEED!

"AVEZ-VOUS QUELQUECHOSE À DÉCLARER, MADAME?" "OH, WEE! JE DECLAR QUE NOOS AVONG PAIRDEW TOO NO BAGGARGE!"

"WHAT WE ARE COMING TO NEXT."

WE understand that, after the Early Closing Bill has been passed, another measure, entitled the Household Regulation Act, will become law. The following is a rough *précis* of its chief clauses:—

(I.) At 5 A.M. in summer, and 5.30 A.M. in winter, the Householder is required to see that all his servants [* in making return, state one or none] have risen from their beds. Shou'd the Inspector of Morals on duty report that the kitchen fire has not been lighted by 6 A.M., he will issue a summons against the Householder.

(II.) By 9 A.M. the Householder must have all breakfast-tables cleared, and the cooking of eggs and bacon, kidneys, bloaters, haddocks, and other dishes, is expressly forbidden after that hour. No daily papers must be received after 8 A.M. Sunday journals are forbidden. Under this clause the Inspector may, for any infringement of the rule, claim a penalty not exceeding £20.

(III.) Partial weekly cleanings are permissible between the hours of 11 A.M. and 2 P.M., but no general cleaning of the Householder's premises may occur save on the days allowed by this Act, to wit:—January 2, April 1, June 19, and October 17. Should such date (or dates) fall on a Sunday, the previous Saturday will be taken as the official day of observance. The Inspector is authorised to enter the house (or chambers, or flat) on all such occasions. Penalties vary from £1 to £100.

(IV.) Unless the Householder can prove an income exceeding £600 per annum, no late dinner shall be permitted in his establishment. Meat-tea or supper (the bill of fare of which must be supplied on demand to the Inspector) can in no case be permitted after 6.30 P.M. Oysters, turtle soup, and champagne are absolutely denied to persons who are unable to certify to an annual expenditure of £400 or upwards in *indirect* taxation. Hot luncheons (hashes, resurrection pies, minced (cold) meat, and previously cooked vegetables being exempted) are forbidden. Fines for each and every infringement of this regulation may be ascertained by the schedule supplied to all Inspectors, who are authorised, in the execution of their duty, to taste dishes, as occasion may require.

(V.) The Householder must transmit to the Inspector, *without* demand, answers to the following inquiries:—

(*a*) Who is your wine merchant, and what is your monthly account for liquor supplied? [* This need not include soda and mineral waters, but must comprise bitters, such as peach, orange, and Angostura.]

(*b*) Give the names of your baker, greengrocer, butcher, grocer, ironmonger, farrier, corndealer, newsagent, stockbroker (if any), medical adviser, tailor or milliner (or both), bootmaker, coach-builder, cycle manufacturer, tobacconist, fishmonger, musical instrument maker, haberdasher, washerwoman, cheesemonger, muffin-man, dairy-keeper, and solicitor.

(*c*) State rent of premises [* if a freeholder, title must be proved], and age of landlord [or landlady, or executors, or trustees].

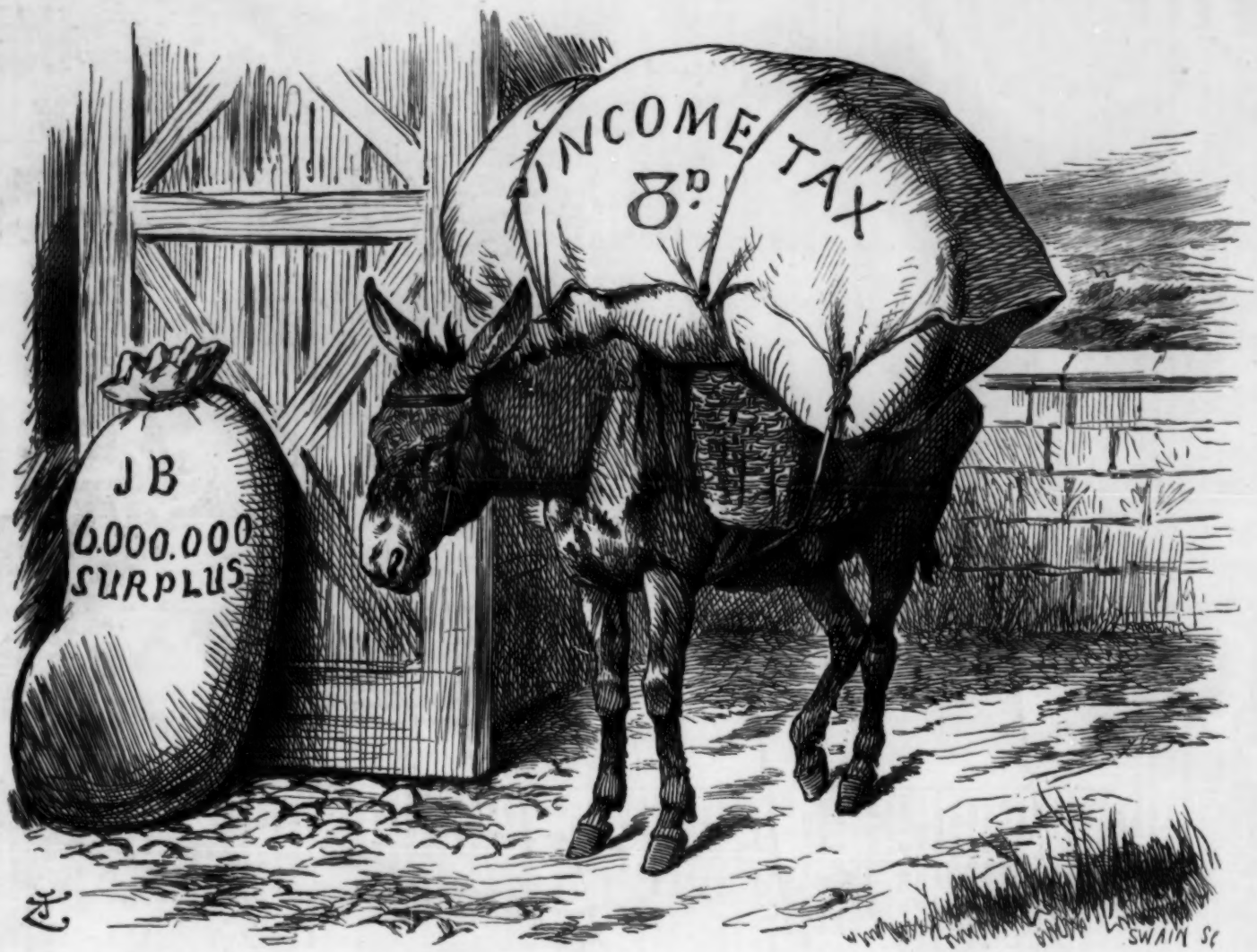
(*d*) Furnish marriage certificates of yourself and wife (or husband), father and mother, grandfather and grandmother (paternal and maternal), also certificates of birth, vaccination, and school progress of your children. [* If a bachelor (or spinster) claim stamped exemption (fee £2) under the Non-responsibility clause, Cap. 209.]

(VI.) The Householder is required to verify to the satisfaction of the Inspector the extinction of all lights on his premises by the hour of 10 P.M., grace of fifteen minutes being allowed in cases of visits to places of amusement, for which special permits (issued monthly, and available only on one occasion) will be made by the Inspector on payment of the following fees per head:—Opera 5s., theatre (light) 2s. 6d., ditto (serious) 1s., and music halls 10s. In event of the Householder neglecting to carry out the law with regard to the extinction of lights, he is liable to imprisonment *without* the option of a fine, at the discretion of the Inspector.

PLEASURES, PAINS, AND PENALTIES.—In the *Daily Telegraph* there appeared three separate paragraphs under the heading "Bicycle Accidents." It is to be hoped that, for the benefit of the "Common-Wheel," sufficient material may not be forthcoming to warrant the daily appearance of such a column. Anyway, this will give bicyclists a shake all round.

A VERY WATERY MEASURE.—The Raines Bill, as inforced in the city of New York.

THE INCOME-TAXED ONE MURMURETH. "I DON'T GRUMBLE, BUT—I *SHOULD* LIKE JUST A LITTLE TAKEN OFF."



THE PATIENT ASS.

THE INCOME-TAXED ONE MURMURETH. "I DON'T GRUMBLE, BUT—I *SHOULD* LIKE JUST A LITTLE TAKEN OFF."

THAT CAME OF GOLF.—I.

Poffles said I must learn golf, life was not worth living without golf; my liver was sluggish, according to Poffles, I was altogether too fat, and, in fact, nothing but a course of golf would cure it.

One fine day, when we had been discussing the matter for the fiftieth time, and I had exhausted my entire stock of arguments against Poffles's proposal, I feebly remarked that you couldn't play golf without "sticks," and as I hadn't any sticks, that ended the matter once and for all. Poffles, however, was not to be so easily beaten, and that same afternoon, under some pretence, I was beguiled unexpectedly into the presence of a polite gentleman whose business it was to provide players with the necessary weapons for the prosecution of "*the*" game. Once inside the shop, Poffles and his professional friend proceeded, in spite of all remonstrances on my part, to supply me (at my own expense) with an outfit of "clubs," as they called them, to enable me to learn the game at the shortest possible notice.

I really can't remember the names of all the awful instruments I purchased at that shop. They were all so new and nice that, after a time, I was quite interested, swinging the clubs in the most vicious way, to the manifest disturbance of Poffles, who nearly got his head broken with a thing they called a "patent mid-spoon brassey bulger"! Then I purchased several "irons" and "drivers," two or three "cleeks," and a thing called a "mashie" or "niblick" or something. I did like that "niblick"—it was a real powerful club—it reminded me of a battle-axe, I felt I could "*rely*" on it all the time.

Well, after a time Poffles got me away—not without the clubs, which I insisted on taking home to show my wife, Maria, and we arranged to go down to Ranelagh (Poffles belongs to Ranelagh) and have a quiet game next day, Saturday. On returning home, I practised in the drawing-room with the clubs, as Poffles said I must get into the right "swing." That "swing" certainly turned out expensive, as during my practice I not only managed to clear the cabinet of several of Maria's best wedding presents, but I also scooped a piece out of the carpet with the "niblick," which, to say the least of it, was unfortunate. While I was trying to glue the piece of carpet down again, Maria came in suddenly and said unpleasant things of a very strong description. I felt very *annoyed* with Maria, but then women are always so unreasonable, and Maria never could sympathise with anything I wanted to do out of the common. When I put it to her in this way she retorted, "If you want to swing sticks about do it '*on* the common.'" She thought this sharp. So did I: but I didn't say so. I only observed that it was not *my* fault if the drawing-room was the only room large enough to "swing" in.

The next day we went down to Ranelagh. Poffles appeared in a most remarkable costume, which certainly didn't add to his personal appearance. He had a large wide-awake hat of a description adopted by Buffalo Bill in his great scalp-hunting operations. To this he added a brilliant red coat with brass buttons, a flannel shirt, knickers, and a pair of stockings with a pattern on them that reminded me of Brock's fireworks. Then his boots were something to be remembered, and a pair of yellow spats didn't improve them at all. Altogether he seemed to me to be a kind of cross between a Texan cow-boy and a South Sea Pirate. I thought there ought to be something wonderful in Poffles' play to justify that costume, but subsequent events didn't exactly prove it.

We had lunch first in the room which had been decorated so becomingly in green, to be in keeping, no doubt, with the other "green," and then we made a start. I had so many clubs that Poffles said I had better have two "caddies" to carry them; I couldn't make up my mind to part with any of them, as I was quite sure I should want them *all*.

Then, just as we were going to begin, a friend of Poffles came up, named Slogum, and said he would like to join us, so we decided to have a "three-some," as Poffles called it. After that came the trouble. Of which I will tell you in my next.

SOMETHING JAPANESE.

Flirting with their Fans.

EH!

OH!!!!

OUT OF SCHOOL.

Dear Mr. Punch,—The chaps at our place always look upon you as our great friend. We all take you in. At least, one of our fellows buys your paper, in which is all the wit and wisdom of the world, and none of your horrid Greek, Latin, and other "preserved tongues." About me is no "Familiarity which breeds contempt," as Shakspeare (or some one) says. You will be surprised at my knowing that quotation. It comes of trying to floor our holiday task. Such a beastly shame! This is how I have answered the paper, which is headed "General Intelligence."

Here is the first question:—"What kind of books do you like best; give reasons for preference."

Answer. I like school books best. My reason for preferring them to novels is that they instruct me, and my progress is pleasing to my parents and to the credit of my pastors and masters.

That ought to satisfy them. Here's number two. "What would you like to be in after life; give full reasons for your answer."

Answer. After life I should like to be an angel. The full reason for this reply is surely unnecessary. What else could I wish?

Had them there! Here's another:—"A man blows his tea to make it cool, and blows his hands to make them warm—explain this seemingly funny proceeding."

Answer. Because he must blow something. When he has nothing else to blow he blows his nose.

And now for the last I attempted:—"Where do you get your sugar, salt, mustard, and vinegar, and what are they?"

Answer. I get my sugar, salt, mustard, and vinegar from my dear parents, and am told (by them) that they are paid for.

If that doesn't get me a reputation for filial devotion and simple credulity (I have looked those words out in the dictionary), call me a Dutchman!

But do protest against holiday tasks in play-time, there's a good chap. And now I can't write any more rot, as I am off to spend the ten shillings my Uncle Charles gave me for necessaries at the tuck shop. Your sincere friend, Smith Minor.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Thursday, April 9.—What Corporal HANBURY suffered throughout the watches of this night no tongue can tell. House reopened after Easter Holidays. Civil Service Estimates, as usual, taken, hoping that, in absence of Members still making holiday, a lot might be run through. Only a short year ago Private HANBURY, supported by Cap'en TOMMY, buttressed on other side by the Blameless BARTLEY, had high old time. In accordance with custom he and they made point of being in their place punctually on resumption of sittings. Financial Secretary to Treasury, glancing round scantily filled benches, eyes glistening with hope at prospect of running through pockets-full of votes, changed countenance as his glance fell upon the three privateers opposite on second bench above Gangway.

Knew what was in store from them; never disappointed. Private HANBURY made prodigious speeches on every vote. When discussion thus raised languished, Cap'en TOMMY, nailing his trysails to the jibboom, luffed, bore down, and fired a broadside that filled the House with smoke and the Minister in charge of the vote with mortification. Again sky cleared; conversation drooped; Chairman rose to put question that vote be agreed upon, when the Blameless BARTLEY, blushing like the harvest moon, discovered on his feet wanting to know, you know.

Mr. Hanbury (Financial Secretary to the Treasury) to Mr. Hanbury (the representative of the Post Office in the House of Commons). "Money for the Post Office, dear boy; certainly, always delighted to oblige YOU."

"The Treasury exercised control over Post Office expenditure, and it was therefore an advantage to the Post Office to be directly represented by a Treasury official in that House."—*Mr. Hanbury's Speech, April 9.*

Ah, me! the days that are no more. To-night HANBURY, private no longer, but full corporal, with hope of further promotion, sits alone on Treasury Bench in charge of those very estimates whose passage he used to obstruct. Cap'en TOMMY's hammock empty. Blameless B., one of the gems the dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear, blushes elsewhere unseen. Others take their places; ALBERT ROLLIT with his pragmatical postman, who at the General Election didn't care for Trojan or Tyrean, but would vote for the man who promised to knock off an hour from his day's work and nail on a shilling's pay; ARNOLD-FORSTER with his Orange Postmaster, a shining light in Catholic Sligo, who in the intervals of professional duty beat the Protestant drum with the office stamp, and publicly prayed for the conversion of the parish priest. His name was SAMPSON, so they cut his hair and translated him to Protestant Ulster. Corporal HANBURY spasmodically passed his hand over his brow as he thought of what only a year ago he would have said on this case. Now he had to defend the DELILAH of the Post Office.

Then there was PICKERSGILL wanting to know why deaf mutes are not utilised as postmasters in rural parishes; OSBORNE MORGAN protesting against official recognition in the *Postal Guide* of Welsh places by Saxon nicknames; HENNIKER-HEATON, hot, as he told a sympathetic Committee, from travel night and day a thousand miles, arriving only just in time to deliver (with extra penny stamp for late fee) his familiar speech.

These and others filled the air with murmur of multitude of words Corporal HANBURY would have uttered had he still been Private.

"Ah, TOBY," he said, when relief came with midnight, "you see the stripes on my arm that proclaim my rank. Happily for the peace of your kind mind you cannot see the stripes that lacerate my heart on a night like this."

Business done. — Post Office Vote worried through.

Friday. — Another night in Committee of Supply. Attendance small and, in accordance with practice in such circumstances, yield of votes large. By ten o'clock all estimates put down for sitting got through. No more work to do. Nothing for it but to go home, which Members reluctantly did. Gentlemen below Gangway, having nothing else to divide upon, took division on motion to adjourn. Ministerial majority omnipotent here as elsewhere. Motion to adjourn carried by 95 to 29. Eviction forthwith carried out. Passers-by Palace Yard at half-past ten surprised to find JOHN BURNS, LLOYD-GEORGE, Dr. TANNER, DALZIEL, and the Boy ALLEN (not to be confounded with the Man ALLAN) camped out amid the sticks and stones of their furniture in shape of rejected Amendments.

"A pretty state of things we're coming to," said JOHN BURNS, gloomily. "Business all over by ten o'clock; shutters up at half-past. Always been in favour of early-closing movement, but didn't mean to have it apply to the Westminster Stores."

Business done.—Votes in Supply by wholesale.

THE UNWILLING GUEST.

(A Telegraphic Comedy.)

(1) *From J. C., London, to P. K., Pretoria.*—Everything arranged. When may we expect you?

(2) *P. K. to J. C.*—What is the cost of the journey third class?

(3) *J. C. to P. K.*—Never mind cost. Guarantee all expenses, and use of Queen's ship.

(4) *P. K. to J. C.*—What about lodgings? Landlady must be moderate and certified respectable. Hymn-singer preferred.

(5) *J. C. to P. K.*—You can have Buckingham Palace. C-RTN-Y shall arrange hymns. But do hurry up.

(6) *P. K. to J. C.*—Hear that J-M-S-N and friends will be in London. Don't want to meet them.

(7) *J. C. to P. K.*—Pledge my word you shall not. This delay is most provoking.

(8) *P. K. to J. C.*—Your disagreeable haste has given me the gout.

(9) *J. C. to P. K.*—I apologise for over-anxiety. Sorry to hear of your gout. Best advice in London.

(10) *P. K. to J. C.*—Prefer my Pretoria doctor. What an excellent speech you made the other night. I read between the lines.

(11) *J. C. to P. K.*—Glad you liked speech. Never mind lines; take railway. Please name date of your departure.

(12) *P. K. to J. C.*—Don't be impatient. Household matters must be attended to. What is the weather like with you?

(13) *J. C. to P. K.*—Splendid weather, likely to improve. Anticipate your arrival with pleasure.

(14) *P. K. to J. C.*—Never anticipate anything. Don't esteem being anticipated.

(15) *J. C. to P. K.*—Are you coming or are you not?

(16) *P. K. to J. C.*—Your question implies distrust. If I were to tell you, evidently you would not believe me.

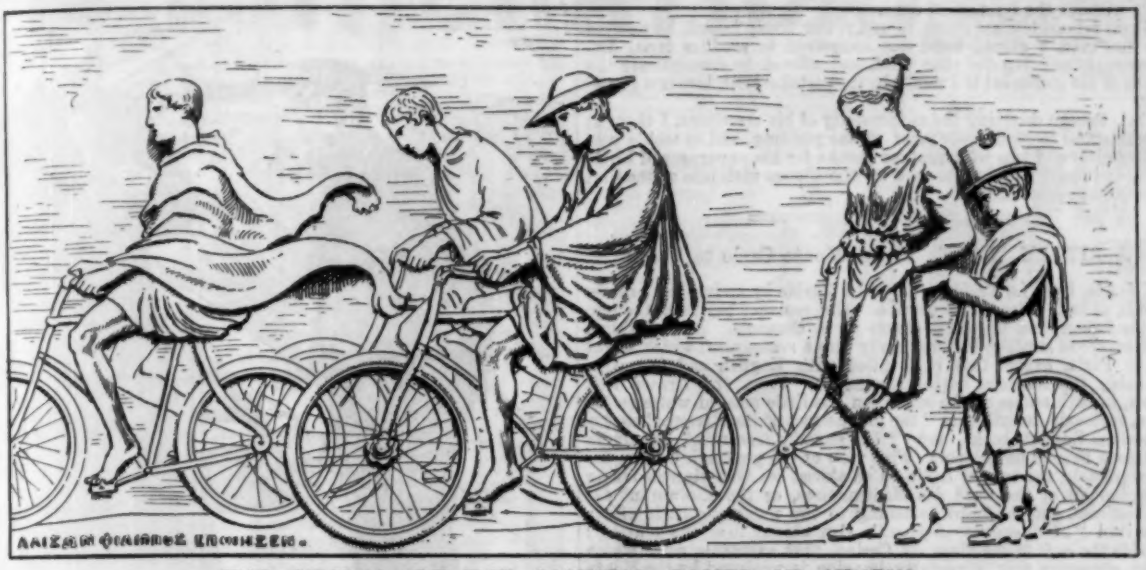
[*Curtain abruptly falls, leaving* J. C. *at one end of the wire trampling on priceless orchids, and* P. K. *at the other calling for more tobacco and coffee.*

LITERARY.—Mr. THOMAS HARDY, we are told, has written a chatty preface for his *Wessex Tales*. Like all Mr. HARDY writes it will, doubtless, be well worth reading. But, as regards his later novels at least, is not the first syllable (in the title *Wessex Tales*) just a trifle superfluous?

Mrs. Grundy no doubt it must mightily vex
To find HARDY's novels run so upon sex.
But still more to find that, in halls and in hovels
The sex makes so hardy a run on his novels.

THE BARRISTER'S FAVOURITE HYMN.—"'*Brief*' *life is here our portion.*"

ORATORICAL AXIOM.—Self-possession is nine points of the "jaw."



THE REVIVAL OF THE OLYMPIC GAMES AT ATHENS.

Portion of a Design for the suggested restoration of the Frieze of the Parthenon in commemoration of the event.

JOTTINGS AND TITTLINGS.

(By Baboo Hurry Bungsho Jabberjee, B.A.)

No. X.

Mr. Jabberjee is taken to see a Glove-Fight.

A young sprightly Londoner acquaintance of mine, who is a member of a Sportish Club where exhibitions of fisticuffs are periodically given, did generously invite me on a recent Monday evening to be the eye-witness of this gladiatorial spectacle.

And, though not constitutionally bellicose, I eagerly accepted his invitation on being assured that I should not be requisitioned to take part personally in such pugilistic exercises, and should observe same from a safe distance and coign of vantage, for I am sufficiently a lover of sportfulness to appreciate highly the sight of courage and science in third parties.

So he conducted me to the Club-house, and by the open sesame of a ticket enabled me to penetrate the barrier, after which I followed his wake downstairs, through rooms full of smoking and conversing sportlovers mostly in festal attire, to a long and lofty hall with balconies and a stage at the further end with foliage painted in imitation of a forest, which was tenanted by press reporters.

The centre of the hall was monopolised by a white square platform confined by a circumambience of rope, which I was informed was the veritable theatre of war and cockpit.

Presently two hobbardyhoys made the ascent of this platform with their attendant myrmidons, and did proceed to remove their trouserings and coats until they were in the state of nature with the exception of a loincloth, whereupon the President or Master of the Ceremonies introduced them and their respective partisans by name to the assemblage, stating their precise ponderability, and that these juvenile antagonists were fraternally related by ties of brotherhood.

At which I was revolted, for it is against nature and *contra bonos mores* that relations should be egged on into family jars, nor can such proceedings tend to promote the happiness and domesticity of their home circle. However, on such occasion when the youths were in danger of inflicting corporal injuries upon each other, the President called out "Time" in such reproving tones that they hung their heads in shamefulness and desisted. And at length they were persuaded into a pacification, and made the *amende honorable* by shaking each other by the hand, whereat I was rejoiced, for, as Poet Watts says, "Birds which are in little nests should refrain from falling out."

The victory was adjudged to the elder brother—in obedience, I suppose, to the rule of Primogeniture, for he did not succeed in reducing his opponent to a *hors de combat*.

Next came a more bustling encounter between Misters Bill Husband and Mysterious Smith, which was protracted to the duration of eight rounds. I was largely under the impression that Mister Husband was to win, owing to the acclamations he received, and the excessive agility with which he removed his head from vicinity of the blows of Mister Mysterious Smith.

It was truly magnificent to see how they did embrace each other by the neck, and the wonderment and suspicion in their glances when one discovered that he was resting his chin upon the padded hand of his adversary, and from time to time the Hon'ble Chairman was heard ordering them to "break away," and "not to hold," or requesting us to refrain from any remarks. And at intevals they retired to sit upon chairs in opposing corners, where they rinsed their mouths, and were severely fanned by their bearers, who agitated a large towel after the manner of a punkah. But, in the end, it was Mysterious Mister Smith who hit the right nail on the head, and was declared the conquering hero, though once more I was incapacitated to discover in what precise respects he was the *facile princeps*.

Around the hall there were placards announcing that smoking was respectfully prohibited, and the President did repeatedly intreat members of the audience to refrain from blowing a cloud, assuring them that the perfume of tobacco was noxious and disgustful to the combatants, and threatening to mention disobedient tobacconists by name.

Whereupon most did desist; but some, secreting their cigars in the hollow of their hands, took whiffs by stealth, and blushed to find it fame; while others, who were such grandees and big pots that their own convenience was the first and foremost desideratum, continued to smoke with lordliness and indifference.

And I am an approver of such conduct—for it is unreasonable that a well-bred, genteel sort of individual should make the total sacrifice of a cigar, for which he has perhaps paid as much as two or even four annas, out of consideration for insignificant common chaps hired to engage in snipsnaps for his entertainment.

The last competition was to be the *bonne bouche* and *pièce de résistance* of the evening, consisting of a rumpus in twenty rounds between Misters Tom Tracy of Australia, and Tommy Williams, from the same hemisphere, at which I was on the tiptoe of expectation.

But, although they commenced with dancing activity, one of the Toms in the very first round sparred the other under the chin with such superabundant energy that he immediately became a recumbent for a lengthy period, and, on being elevated to a chair, only recaptured sufficient consciousness to abandon the sponge.

And then, to my chapfallen disappointment, the Chairman announced that he was very sorry and could not help it, but that was the concluding box of the evening.

I will reluctantly confess that, on the whole, I found the proceedings lacking in sensationality, since they were of very limited duration, and totally devoid of bloodshed, or any danger to the life and limb of the performers. For it is not reasonably possibly for a combatant to make a palpable hit when his hands are, as it were, muzzled, being cabined, cribbed, and confined in padded soft gloves. I am not a squeamish in such cases, and I must respectfully submit that the Cause of True Sport can only be hampered by such nursery

and puerile restrictions, for none can expect to compound an omelette without the fracture of eggs.

Upon remarking as above to my young lively friend, he assured me that even a gloved hand was competent to produce facial disfigurement and tap the vital fluid, and offered to demonstrate the truth of his statement if I would be the partaker with him in a glove-box.

But, though doubting the authenticity of his assertions, I thought it prudential to decline the proof of the pudding, and so took a precipitate leave of him with profuse thanks for his unparagoned kindness, and many promises to put on the gloves with him at the first convenient opportunity.

A LITTLE WALK. (From Monte Carlo to Nice.)

THAT is, from La Turbie. Up to La Turbie by train. Not exactly a walk so far. Also rather prosaic. The romance begins at the top, on the famous and beautiful Route de la Corniche. Arrived there, find everyone strolls quite naturally into a *restaurant*, which might be in Paris, except that it is filled with English and Germans. Probably the romance begins further on. From the terrace look down, in both senses of the word, on the little mass of white buildings, variously described as "the plague spot of the Riviera," mostly in serious English books, and "*Un paradis terrestre*," mostly in frivolous French newspapers. Fine view of the gimcrack Casino, the showy hotels, the tawdry *cafés*. Can almost see the winners faring sumptuously at the Café des Millionnaires, or the Restaurant des Richissimes, and the losers hastening to the numerous little offices inscribed "*Avances sur Bijoux*." Can almost hear the music (!) outside the *café* in the Place du Casino, that execrable noise which some strangers may innocently imagine is produced by the Monte Carlo orchestra, celebrated throughout the world. It is not.

After *déjeuner* stroll along the Cornice Road, towards Nice, and meet a German tourist, carrying a grey umbrella. Did anyone ever see a German tourist without a grey umbrella? Ask him about the road. He speaks English excellently. He says, "You go on till you meet a public-house." Thank him, and stroll on, admiring the blue sea and the distant view, till I meet the public-house, which is inscribed "*Café Restaurant. Chambres et Salons Réservés.*" No doubt very much *réservés*, since they all seem quite empty. But no. As I approach, two persons come out and walk before me. The lady is plump, though young. As I follow her I estimate that the circumference of her waist is about forty inches. Her dress is not elegant, and she wears a green, soft felt hat. The gentleman also wears a green hat, and he carries a grey umbrella. Possibly they are Germans. "*Wie? Ja! Ach so! Wo? Ja, ja, ja! Ach wunderschön! Ja, ja, ja! So? Ja, ja, ja!*" There is no longer any doubt. They walk on arm in arm, and the man's boots creak at every step.

Cannot possibly walk all the way to Nice behind a man who talks German loudly, who wears a green hat, and whose boots creak incessantly. Could have tolerated the green hat, as it reminds me, in form and colour, of the hat of Noah in my early childhood, but the boots are beyond endurance. Loiter about and let them carry their wearer out of hearing.

By this time there are clouds in the sky and the view is all grey—sea, sky, hills, trees. The only spots of colour are the green hats of the Germans, vanishing in the distance. It will probably rain soon. There is Villefranche just down below. Will step down in a few minutes and catch a train to take me back to Nice in time for dinner. Start down gaily. A peasant recommends a short cut. The usual sort of short cut in the Alpes Maritimes—all jagged stones. The cutting is chiefly of one's boots. To scramble down this takes longer than walking along the road. Try that. Very easy slope. An immense zigzag. Begin to think it will take more than a few minutes to get down to Villefranche. Hurry on a little. First I go half a mile towards Genoa. Then at last the road turns, and I career half a mile towards Marseilles. The only place I never seem to approach is Villefranche. At one time am almost at Beaulieu, at another seem close to Nice. Full speed ahead as much as possible. Arrive at a place where the awful zigzag divides, and forms two zigzags. The only person in sight is a peasant woman sitting on a step. Hope she speaks something besides the Niçois dialect. She does, for she says, though speaking French with difficulty, "*Faut aller à la gauche*," at the same time pointing to the right. "*A droite ou à gauche?*" I ask wildly. "*Oui*," she answers. No time for further talk, so choose the road, less obviously leading in the wrong direction, and on again. Wish I had walked to Nice. Should have been nearly there now. At last see Villefranche station far below. Then speed on towards Italy, back again, another glimpse of station, apparently no nearer, and on towards Spain. On the return journey perceive the train in the distance down below, coming round the bay. Start running, still down zigzags. Ringing of bells, shouts, whistles, scream of a locomotive. Rush breathless into station. "*Le train est parti, monsieur.*"

Impatient Traveller. "ER—HOW LONG WILL THE NEXT TRAIN BE, PORTAH?"

Porter. "HEAW LONG? WEEL, SIR, AH DUNNO HEAW AH CUM SAAY TO HAUF AN INCH. HAPPEN THERE 'LL BE FOWER OR FIVE CO-ACHES AN' A ENGINE OR SOA."

THE GERMAN EMPEROR TO THE CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY BOAT CLUB.

(A copy of this hitherto unpublished document has come into the possession of Mr. Punch, who, out of consideration for his readers, has had it literally translated, and now offers it to the admiration of the world.)

MY DEAR HERR PRESIDENT,—Lately returned from a most beautiful and never-to-be-forgotten outflight, wherein I visited scenes by me not to be contemplated without deep-seated feeling, find I a State-paper from my Imperial Kanzler (he is a good fellow, the old HOHENLOHE, but slow, and through a brick-wall he cannot at all see) informing me that once more the young men of Cambridge have a boatrace lost. In foregone years, and in this year too, have I *sogar* deemed it my duty to send to Oxford my heartiest luck-wishes on their successful strugglings after victory. But, pot-thousand again, what does this mean that you seven times after one another into the bushes let yourselves be stuck? Thunder-weather! how can you endure it? My Imperial sympathy stretches itself to you. In my Palace have I a rowing machine put up, and daily every mornings, before I myself sponge in my tub, row I two thousand strokes at two hundred to the minute on the machine. That is more than your miserable thirty-four, not true? So I have overlaid these matters in my Imperial mind filled with goodwill towards you, and I announce to you what I will do. Next year I will imprison all my Editors for *lèse-majesté*, and for the Socialists will I a bloodbath set out. Thus I will be free of nuisances and will come to Cambridge in January with the EMPRESS and the whole family, not forgetting a monthly nurse for whom most comfortable rooms are to be taken in your Boathouse. I will then coach you all every day, and sometimes, surprise-visiting you in the night, I will make you row till Aurora appears over the Gogmagogish Mountains. I will live, together with my suite (500 persons), with your Vice-Kanzler. Daily I will conduct prayers in your University Church where all must attend, and will examine your young men for their mathematical knowledge three times in every week. For the Cambridge free-willers I will be a General and a Father. After this I know Cambridge will win. Your gratitude I accept.

WILHELM R. AND I.

Post-scriptum.—I have a new uniform for the University Crew. The helmets and top-boots that form part of it are colossally beautiful.

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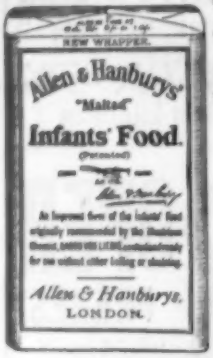

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